

posed you understood me.'  
 'What do I know about it?'

“Thank you for that you intended to make us  
your wife!”

Though reared amid the pros and cons of  
distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination  
to smile. He blushed and was silent.  
The heartless conventionalities of the  
world stood rebuked in the presence of  
affectionate simplicity. He conveyed  
her to her humble home, and bade her  
farewell, with a thankful consciousness  
that he had done no irretrievable injury  
to her future peace. The  
break would soon be to him  
the recollection of last year's butterfly.

With her, the wound was deep. In the  
solitude of her chamber she wept in  
turn of heart over her ruined air-  
stolen. And that dream, which she had  
stolen to make an appearance befitting

discovered? Oh! what if she should be  
divorced? And would not the heart  
of her poor widowed mother break,  
if she should ever know that her child  
was a thief!

Mrs. her wretched foreboding pre-  
sents true. The silk was traced to her,  
she was accused, and her way to the sto-  
ne was dragged to prison. There she  
suffered, and, in vain, sought a nourish-  
ment, and wept incessantly. On the fourth day, the keeper  
led upon Isaac T. Hopper, and he  
formed him that there was a young girl  
in prison, who appeared to be utterly  
friendless and determined to die by a  
mediation. The kind hearted Friend  
immediately went to her assistance. He  
found her lying on the floor of her cell,  
with her face buried in her hands, sob-  
bing as if her heart would break. He  
tried to comfort her, but could obtain

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perchance she will speak to me, but there is no one to hear!" When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones: "My child, console me as thy father. Tell me of a fever made done. If you had taken this silk, I know all about it. I will do by the same for my own daughter; and I don't doubt that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate converse, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out: "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will no poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that," said he.

He went on, and said, 'This is the first offence, said he. 'The girl is young and she is the only child of a poor wretched man.'

one—Giver her a chance to retrieve to  
one false step, and she may be restored  
to society, a useful and honored woman.  
‘I will see that thou art paid for thy  
silk.’ The man readily agreed to with-  
draw the prosecution, and said he would  
have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he  
had known all the circumstances. ‘Thou  
shouldst have inquired into the merits  
of the case,’ replied Friend Hopper.  
‘By this kind of thoughtlessness, man-

This kind-hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his Lordship had not yet risen. 'Tell him my business is of importance,' said Friend Hooper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The chamberlain expressed surprise that

stranger, in the plain Quaker costume should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to hear a testimony against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did so in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying that he was

not have impaired with the girl he had known her to be virtuous. 'I had done many wrong things,' said he, 'I thank God, no betrayal of confiding license weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable.' The improvement of the poor girl, and the favorable situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When F. Hopper represented that the sick husband had been taken care of, she said:

"Nay," said Isaac. "Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy lap a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another?"

'Farwell, friend,' replied the Quaker. 'Though much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou

When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. 'I did this,' said she, 'for my mother's sake.' With the money paid by Lord Stuart the silk was paid.

well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house and asked to see him. When he en-